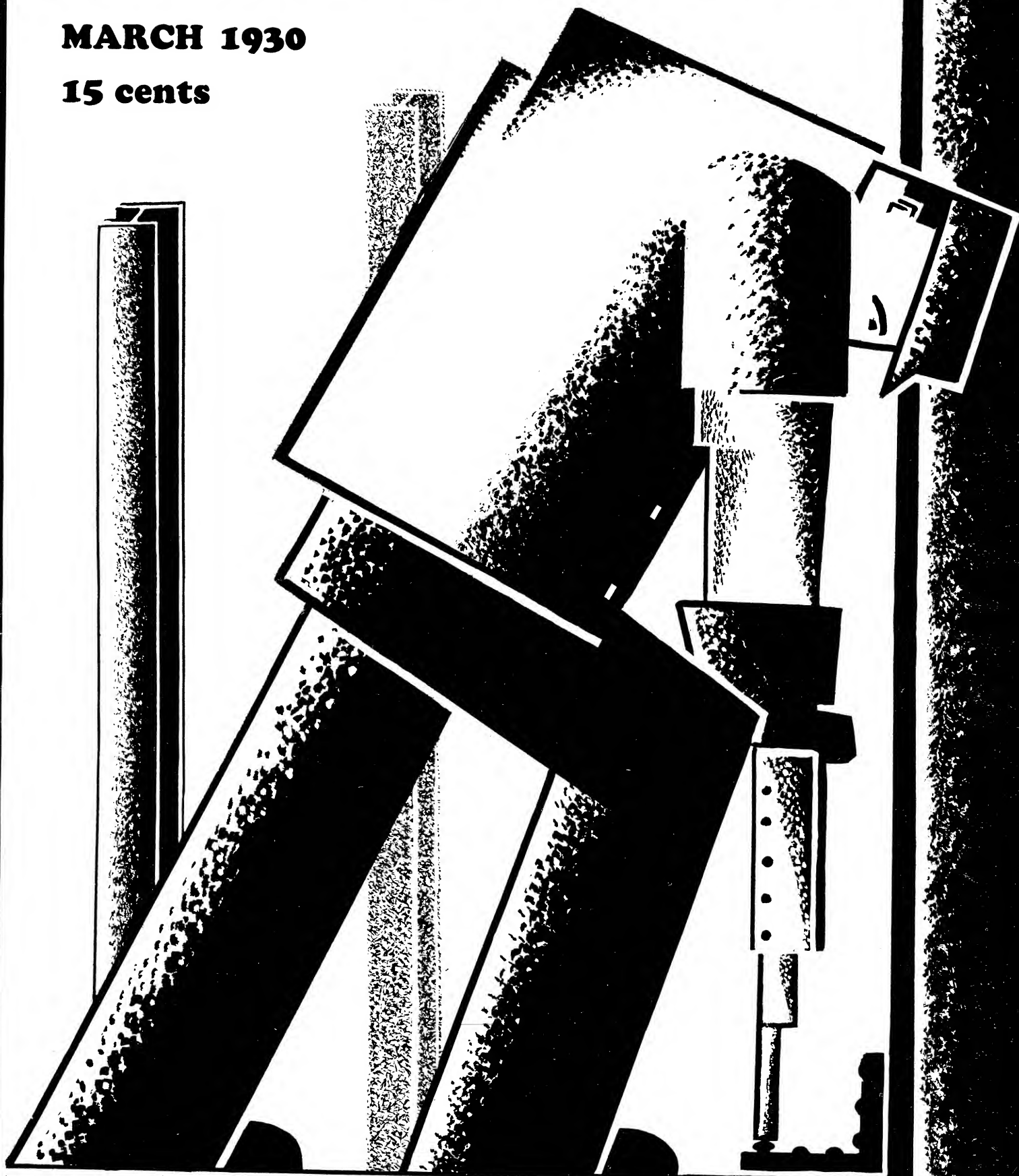


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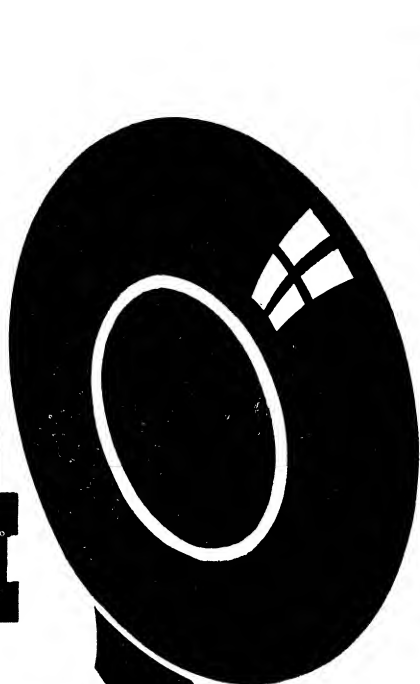
MASSSES

MARCH 1930

15 cents



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MARCH 7

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NO HELP WANTED!

A NATIONWIDE SYMPOSIUM ON UNEMPLOYMENT

The richest country in the world is starving. Men, women and children, always living on the ragged edge of life, are now learning the full depth of misery. While the internal revenue bureau reports unheard-of profits and the creation of 206 new millionaires in America, seven million workers are out of a job. All the assurances of the president, the press and the pulpit have failed to bring relief. Unemployed workers are storming city councils in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and other cities. These are no abject slaves. They demand "Work or Wages." The police reply

with increasing brutality. The workers answer with united nationwide unemployed demonstrations for March 6. To reach the heart of the situation the *New Masses* has appealed to its group of young writers in all sections of the country. We present their story. No dry statistics here. It is a gaunt recital of worker-writers. All are in their twenties. All are at the work bench or have but recently left it. We believe this is an authentic pulsebeat of what is happening today in America.

—The Editors.

"WORK OR WAGES": NEW YORK

Nobody knows how many jobless men and women there are in the nation's metropolis. Learned and not so learned secretaries of labor dispute the point heatedly. State Labor Sec. Frances Perkins says unemployment is the worst since 1921; Federal Labor Sec. James J. Davis says tush-tush, things are already getting better; Federal Commerce Sec. Lamont sees good old normalcy right around the corner.

Such ignorance and confusion may seem peculiar in government officials. Davis can tell you to the last man how many radical foreign-born workers were shipped out of the country in 1929 because their ideas didn't have his approval. Sec. Lamont knows how many pigs were stuck in the Chicago hog market, and how much their carcasses fetched for the meat barons. Sec. Perkins knows how many slaves Buffalo employers asked for from the state job bureau. But not one of them knows how many miserable workers walk the winter streets, slush creeping up their sox through leaky shoes.

Nor does anybody care much. Why should they, so long as the workless tramp meekly from factory gate to factory gate, their hands outstretched humbly for wage slavery? Only when surly men and bitter women become desperate, invading mayors' magnificent suites, pushing cops to one side, thundering their demand for Work or Wages, does the bourgeois world become excited. The answer usually is More Cops. Sometimes stampeded city councils toss out a few thousands, to be expended stingily by calculating welfare agents.

Nobody on the Bowery, along Sixth Ave., or at the various haunts of Manhattan's unemployed can tell you about the number of unemployed. All they know is that their bellies are empty, that February winds are raw, that spring is a long way ahead, that life is hell.

Next to having a job, the worst fate for a worker is to have none. Eight hours on the hunt for a job is worse than eight hours on the job.

Once Manhattan's workless looked gratefully to a sullen sky. It meant snow! Snow meant clogged streets! Clogged streets meant work! Work, cursed by those who have it, desired by those who can't get it! They get up early in the morning, 5 or 5:30, gulp three swallows of coffee and walk briskly to the nearest snow removal hiring station. At 6 a minion of the Department of Street Cleaning approaches, glares upon the suppliants, unlocks the door to the shack, barn or deserted building which houses the bureau. Soon thereafter comes another minion. He mounts a soapbox and picks 'em out. "Alright you, there, and you, and you. Shake a leg. The muck's waitin'." In a few minutes it's all over and half the jobless are still waiting. "Say, why don't you ever see me," demands one. "You? What's your name?" The jobless one answers. "Don't remember *your* name. Where were *you* election day?"

Even so. Working all day bending over a huge snow shovel, tossing the sodden heavy stuff high over head into waiting trucks is a political job. You've got to vote the ticket to get a chance at a swell job like that, paying \$4 a day.

New York, N. Y.

HARVEY O'CONNOR.

"CITY HAUL": CHICAGO

I am going to be laid off in ten days. We have enough money in the bank to carry us two weeks longer if we quit all amusements, walk instead of ride and eat no meat. What then I don't know. My wife has been staying home looking after the three babies—the twins are now bawling celebration of their first birthday. She will go to work IF she can get a job—but jobs for women as for men are damn few and far between here with a mob after them. Things like this turn a pink or red still redder.

A big Chicago department store, Leiter, advertised for some saleswomen. At least 2,500 rushed for the jobs and the jam was so great that ten were hurt in the crush.

Large corporations are firing workers by the thousand. The Western Electric has laid off 1,400 workers within the last two



*"You will eat bye and bye
In that glorious land above the sky"*

Drawn by Jacob Burck.

or three weeks. Undoubtedly in celebration of Hoover's new era of unprecedented prosperity. While rugged individualism is glorified by the way in which workers elbow their way in the long lines in front of the few places where jobs are being filled. "No Help Wanted" shouts at you from factory walls everywhere.

I heard today that the Zinser Personnel Service usually considers two hundred applications for positions a fair day's share but that on a single day last week this white collar employment agency received two thousand applications for jobs. And this is only one of approximately three hundred job exchanges in Chicago!

The employees of the South Park Board have taken a 15% wage cut rather than lose their jobs. Other workers are going ahead on a part time schedule. Others in small plants force their bosses to keep the strongest and most skilled on a full-time basis but drop the others. American workers en masse have yet to learn the lesson of Solidarity.

The Chicago situation is further complicated by the fact that the City Hall Treasury has been so gutted by grafters that city employees must live on air until the city can scrape together the back pay it owes them. If you can't be a racketeer in Chicago, better not be in Chicago. Take your choice between a job and no pay or no job and no pay!

The total number of jobless workers in Chicago today has been estimated at about 350,000—an army equal to the combined populations of three of the largest neighboring cities: Rockford, Peoria and East St. Louis.

When you walk the streets in search of a job, it gives you a "grand and glorious feeling" to see two signs side by side, "No Help Wanted" and "NOTHING CAN STOP U. S." When you turn to the very short "Help Wanted" columns of the newspapers, it's "inspiring" to find no job you can fill, no bread to fill your belly and your family's, but instead editorials and featured interviews telling you all about the prosperity you are enjoying.

There is a certain Christian Socialist in Chicago who on Sundays is an Episcopal divine and on weekdays a city editor of a large newspaper. The statement is credited to him, "We are on the verge of a panic—and the newspapers don't dare tell the facts about how many people are out of jobs."

To sum it up: the capitalists want large numbers of unemployed (raw material they can turn into scabs and soldiers for the war they are now brewing)—and what the capitalists want they get! Today. Maybe tomorrow. But for how long?

Chicago, Ill.

RALPH CHEYNEY.

1930 MODEL: DETROIT

Lean men haunt the streets, their faces gaunt with want, their shabby coats hanging heavily on sagging shoulders. The winds whistle fiercely through the now smokeless factory districts and the men stalk in anguish. They go like hungry wolves after prey. Rows of workers' homes, shabby, ill-painted boxes, stretch as far as the eye can see, but only here and there does a faint wisp of smoke mark a fire . . . Now and again the lined faces of ill-fed women stare hopelessly through dirty windows. At intervals a half-clad child scurries down the street, chilled and bitten by the cold.

Last winter it was the same. Summer came—but while the lean men tramped the scorching pavements the number of jobs diminished. Winter has come again and now jobs are not even to be bought. Unemployment has stretched forth its palsied fingers—

Like dark clouds piling up before a storm the number of unemployed has steadily increased since that remarkable trek to Detroit when Ford announced his "hiring" of 30,000 men. But few were chosen and ranks of that workless army have since been added to by the thousand lured here by false advertising of bus companies and trade schools. The major plants of the city—Chrysler, Fisher, Hudson—stand deserted, like relics of a grim past. Their workers are stalking the snow-filled streets for bread. Ford laid off 30,000 at one fell blow last Fall. Since then many thousands have joined their hungry comrades as the company has let out contracts for parts to sweat-shop firms in other parts of the country.

Terrified by their own figures the Employers' Association has stopped issuing its weekly employment data. State labor officials keep tight mouths on unemployment and seek to divert us by an "attack" on private employment agencies. Local papers headline an "increase of 3.3% in the auto employment" and editorially comment on "the big auto year, 1930." Little is said concerning the Chicago Auto Show with its "sharp decline in sales" nor is there much space given to the new European cartel which will quite materially injure that "foundation of American prosperity"—the auto industry. Not a ray of hope!

The bosses have not been lacking in efforts to placate the unemployed. The mayor appointed a committee of business men to solve the local problem, but like Longfellow's Arabs they "folded their tents and silently stole away" with a note that nothing could be done but to trust in God and the bosses! Amidst the plaudits



*"You will eat bye and bye
In that glorious land above the sky"*

Drawn by Jacob Burck.

Like dark cloud
employed has ste

of the press a \$7,500,000 public works program was launched but it has foundered in the stormy waters of civic finances. The Welfare Department, with at least 14,000 families directly dependent on it for subsistence, has received an additional \$450,000 to carry on its work and expects a deficit of \$2,000,000 by June—"as the result of industrial conditions."

Although the city could afford no money for public works it has found enough for a \$2,000,000 increase in the police dept. A special machine gun squad is being trained. Hundreds of policemen are to be added to the force. For unemployment brings retribution, crime. In the last three months of 1929, when jobs were vanishing, there were 376 robbery crimes as compared to 274 of the same period in the previous year. Judge Frank Murphy lays the increase to "straightened economic conditions."

But even more alarming than the increase in the crime rate is the growth of workers' unity. Unemployed meetings of the Trade Union Unity League have filled to overflowing. Negro, Russian, Southerner, Polack, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, under the banner of revolutionary action, are demanding, "Work or Wages," hundreds of workers are joining the Communist Party. An ominous portent—and one to be beaten down, crushed, at all costs. Radio agents of the masters plead with the unemployed not to be "misled" by the "wild" Communists. But if pleading fails police clubs and machine guns are waiting. . . .

The dark clouds are piling up, drawing nearer as the days pass. Starvation has done its work.

Detroit, Mich.

ROBERT CRUDEN

PROSPERITY BLUES: MINNESOTA

It was good to watch the fatboys toedance like chorusgirls, warbling arias to prosperity, chanting "We are the greatest nation that ever was," while the belly of capitalism swelled like a balloon until it touched the table—

Sleep crept stealthily up our thighs flooding our brains with bromides and we forgot—

now the planingmill limps through the days, *no orders no orders* chant the timeclocks *no orders* come back tomorrow or the day after or next year, maybe—

yesterday or the day before or last year it was fun, maybe, to get a vacation, to go home and sit before the fire reading the newspapers telling how prosperous we were—

one day isn't so bad, but another and another: well there's the kids at home, there's the house, there's the rent—

it's goodbye now to the secondhand ford; its howdoyoudo to the bill collector; its goodbye now to the radio, to the new furniture; its goodbye now to the bankbook—

now it isn't so funny anymore and it's queer, isn't it, how hymns to prosperity remind you of bullfrogs sitting on lily pads snapping at flies and croaking at the yellow moon?—

America is a fatman gorged with too much food, dying of indigestion. Too much prosperity, like too much meat, is bad for the stomach, and now America is slowly dying of auto-intoxication— or the papermill . . . *no orders no orders* . . . down for ten days or twenty days or a month . . . and papermakers, aristocrats to their fingertips, now remember something as they get a job as sweepers in a sawmill saying goodbye 8 bucks a day, howdoyoudo 3 bucks. . . .

no orders no orders is a tune to dance to, the New American Jazz; it is a tune that sweeps into the papermill like a great broom sweeping out workers; comes like a cold wind into the planingmill; howls like a gaunt hungry wolf down the canyons of lumber in the yard—

no orders no orders, boys, nothing to do now but go home not smiling anymore—

remembering how sleep crept stealthily up our thighs flooding our minds with bromides and how we forgot!

International Falls, Minn.

JOSEPH KALAR.

SOUTHWEST ANTHOLOGY: ARIZONA

The smoke from the smelters hangs over the town of Douglas, settling like the blanket of death upon the streets running at cross

purposes: Man and present social forces. In the gray of dawn I stand with a long line of Mexicans, Indians and nondescripts waiting for physical examination at the smelters. Time hangs like the smoke from a railroad train heavy upon the ground and whistles blow.

In two hours I am ushered before a signatory of the medical profession who thumps and scrutinizes me and hands me a little card all signed and cross-marked in particular places. Then into the main room of the headquarters building where I sign a paper saying that if I am hurt while working for the company I will ask no financial return or company hospital care. Hundreds of other men do likewise. At two in the afternoon we are told to report back to the yards.

We all return. A red checked corpulent man in overalls lines us into a row and passes us on parade. Somebody else is selected for convertible puncher and the rest of us are dismissed. No work today. Maybe tomorrow. Come back again.

Across the border is the only place to go. Agua Prieta. The bartender at the Dollar Saloon is a southerner. Pull that old line about the home in Alabama. Maybe a drink. You can never tell. . . .

It is the same in Bisbee and Phoenix. Long lines. Little work. Little pay. And newspaper optimisms. The Arizona Packing Company is making money. The lumber camps in the north, McNary and others, nothing doing. McNary is run on a transplanted colony of southern Louisiana Negroes and the pay is low. Wells and backhouses side by side. And above the entrance to the lumbermill: "Enter at your own risk!"

What is there left to say? Tucson? A fat city for the conveniently sick . . . and rich. Make it high! A bill collector enforces the doctors' communications.

NOT FOR A POOR MAN: NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque, a little better; not so powerful; the richer people go down farther south for the climate and more enjoyable sanitariums. But even in Albuquerque there is no place for a poor man. A doctor asked a patient his financial condition. No money. Tennessee is the place for him. The health center of the southwest wants rich convalescents. The best people, the biggest cars and what goes with it.

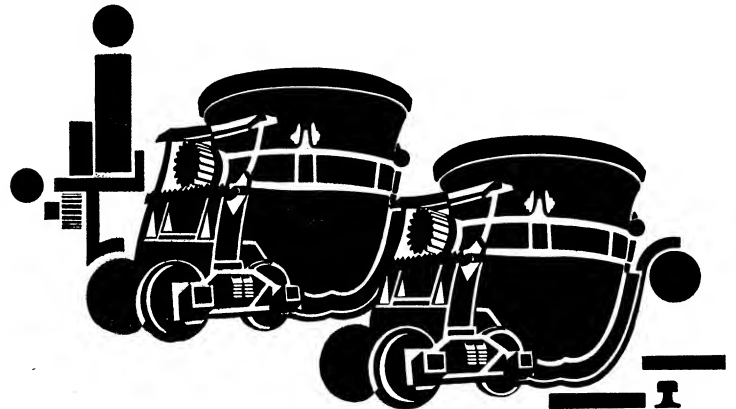
Mexicans work in the stores ten hours a day for five dollars a week and think they are lucky. And they are. A man stumbled against me last night, footsore and weary. (I know that ache that goes from the feet to the brain, destroying all fibre between!) A dime? No work.

But the cops make a big haul. The court house officials get away with three thousand dollars. A mock of the trial, for politics, Mexicans and Governor Dillon says he will take a hand. The home for female delinquents is just being exonerated. The several young girls killed by the matron was an inevitable thing. They had to be disciplined.

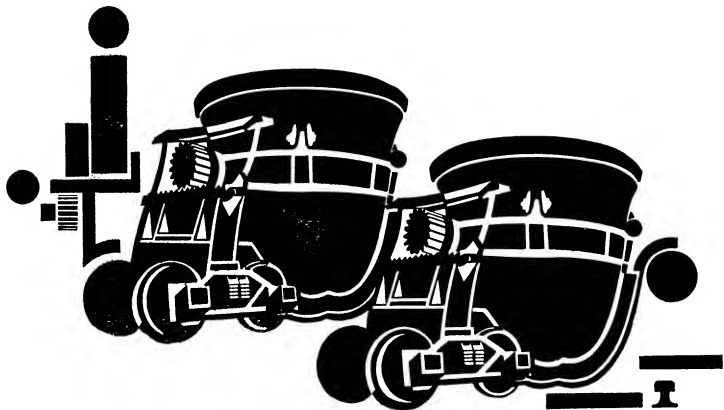
And the newspapers broadcast the nation's wealth. . . .

Albuquerque, New Mexico.

NORMAN MACLEOD



Steel Vats—Drawn by Louis Lozowick.



Steel Vats—Drawn by Louis Lozowick.

By **MICHAEL GOLD**

THE YOUNG AVENGERS

From a Book of
East Side Memoirs

Winter. Warm clothes, good shoes, coal, food, so many costly necessities.

Winter. A blind old beggar singing in the backyard. His face is lifted to the snowy sky. He sings the vulgar smut of the Yiddish music halls. He is hoarse and patient. People throw pennies to him, and hunks of bread wrapped in newspaper.

Winter. Children and old men and women fight like a pack of hungry dogs around a half-finished building. Waste lumber is being given away. A gaunt old Jewish woman drags a child's sled piled with lumber. She wipes her nose on her shawl, then tugs at the rope.

Winter. Bums sleep in rows like dead fish on the sawdust floors of the saloons. It is long past midnight. In a ragpickers' basement five old Jewish men sit by a lamp and sort rags. One of them eats a sandwich.

Winter. In an Irish home a dead baby lies wrapped in a towel on the kitchen table. The father and mother sit side by side, quarrel, and guzzle whisky from a bottle.

Winter. An Italian child is sick with fever in a bedroom. Her eyes are swollen; a wet handkerchief is tied around her forehead. But she must earn her living. She sits up in bed and works at artificial flowers—at lilies, roses and forsythia.

Winter. There are too many bodies to be buried in Potter's Field. The city is forced to plant them in layers of three, to "save time and space", say the newspapers.

Winter. Snowball fights. We snowballed fat dignified men in derby hats, to see them grow angry. We made ice slides; we built bonfires on the pavement, and roasted potatoes until the cop chased us and stamped the fire out.

2.

Nigger, our leader organized a secret league known as the "Young Avengers of Chrystie Street." Pishtepel, Jakey Gottlieb, and I and two others were the charter members with Nigger.

Our object was to avenge wrongs done to a member, and to hold pow-wows and roast sweet potatoes.

We built a house of old lumber and junk in the vacant lots of Delancey Street, and met there nights.

The house was entered by a secret tunnel. It contained two chairs, a mattress and a lantern, and had a chimney made of tomato cans.

The walls were plastered with newspaper pictures of baseball players and prize fighters, our heroes.

We took the Indian oath of fire and blood. We pricked our thumbs and smeared the blood on paper. Then with a burning stick we branded our forearms with the mystic star.

I was the first member to be avenged. A big Irish boy who sold newspapers at Houston street and Bowery beat me up several times, and tore up my papers. "I'll murder yuh, kid, if yuh peddle around here again," he said.

The Young Avengers trailed me one afternoon. The big Irish boy as usual, rushed at me like a bulldog. But the five of us fell upon him with whoops and cries, punching and clawing in a pinwheel of gory excitement. We defeated him.

3.

This boy's family was known as one of the poorest on our street. He worried about them behind his grim mask of a little Indian. But he never whimpered; his lonely grief and pride were expressed in an abnormal pugnacity.

Nigger's father was a "journeyman" tailor. He sewed by hand the finest suits for the fashionable Fifth Avenue shops. This work could not be done in mass production by the large clothing factories. It needed the skill of individual craftsmen.

But the pay was less than that earned by a girl in an over-all factory. The craftsmen had no trade union. They were poor isolated immigrants working at home.

I will never forget Nigger's home; this place where were manufactured so many expensive suits for American judges, bankers and captains of industry.

Nigger was ashamed of it; and allowed none of the boys to call on him there. But one day my mother brought from the restaurant a box of eggs. She would have been indignant had anyone said she was stealing them. She had merely taken them; the cafeteria was rich, it had wagonloads of eggs. Why should they miss a mere dozen or two? So she sent me with half the box to Nigger's family.

I came into a dingy gaslit room. I could see two smaller rooms leading off from it, gray and spidery dens. Every inch of the flat was crowded. There were beds everywhere; a family of seven lived here.

In a corner a sick child whimpered on a mattress. Near her face stood a chamber pot. The rooms were terrifically hot. Nigger was feeding the blazing stove with lumber he had just dragged in from the street.

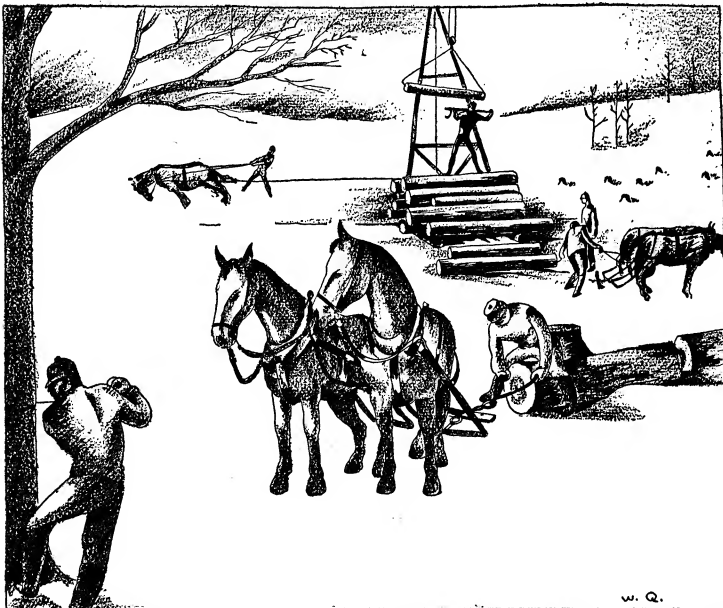
Toys, newspapers, pieces of cloth and tailor's trimmings littered the floors. The walls were a poisonous green. Three calendars hung on the walls. One was a chromo showing Teddy Roosevelt charging up San Juan Hill; the most popular art work of the period. There was also a large crayon enlargement in a flyspecked gold frame. It showed Nigger's father and mother on their wedding day; she standing in her white veil, holding a bouquet; he sitting in solemn bridegroom's black at a table.

The photograph had been taken during their first year in America. The faces were young, naive, European peasant faces.

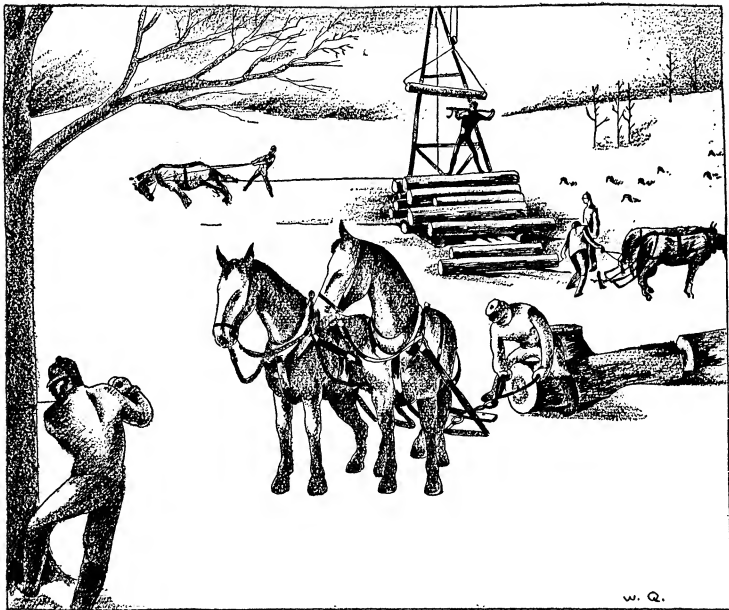
The face Nigger's father turned upon me was fifteen years older. It was a skull with sharp cheekbones and nose from which the flesh had rotted as in a mummy. His eyes were large and strange. They reminded me of the eyes of a dog I had seen dying in the street.

"What do you want?" Nigger's father asked in a hoarse voice.

He sat crosslegged on a table under the gasjet, hunched in the working pose of tailors. He was sewing an expensive coat. A dirty rag was tied around his throat, and a towel around his forehead. God had given him a cancer. Its faint sickly violet



Clearing Timber, New Hampshire—Drawn by Walter Quirt



W. Q.

Clearing Timber, New Hampshire—Drawn by Walter Quirt

smell mingled in the room with the stink of dirt, old lumber, chamber pot, bed linen, greasy dishes, and despair.

The man's eyes and his hoarse voice terrified me. I thought he was angry. I could not breathe in this hot room. I felt oppressed by it all, I couldn't tell why. I wanted to escape.

The tailor smiled at me kindly and wagged his head.

"Has the cat stolen your tongue?" he asked. "What is it, little one?"

His needle flashed in and out, sewing a millionaire's coat, and scenting it with the perfume of pauper's cancer.

I remained dumb. Nigger stepped forward belligerently his fists doubled, as if he wanted to hit me. He resented my coming here; I could tell it in his gloomy eyes.

"What the hell do you want?" he said. "Talk up."

I found my voice at last. I produced the eggs and gave them to Nigger.

"My mother sent these eggs," I stammered.

There was a crash. A stout little woman in a kimono dashed in from the next room, upsetting chairs and dishes in her crazy haste. It was Nigger's mother. She flung her arms around me.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, my darling!" she cried, smothering me with hysterical kisses. "May there be better days for all of us! May a fire burn up our enemies! They don't let me sleep at night, but I spit on them! I spit on them!"

I was appalled and bewildered.

"Malka," said the tailor quietly to his wife, "you are frightening the child, Abie, give your mother a glass of water. She is excited again."

The woman sat down and wiped her face with her apron. She drank the water, and panted with hysteria. We watched her. Finally, she reached out and took the eggs from Nigger. Her voice now was very gentle. She stroked my hair.

"What a good woman your mother is!" she said. "Tell her we are thankful. And you, too, are a good boy to bring the eggs. Thanks, my darling."

I left Nigger's home shaken. I never forgot that scene. But to Nigger it was everyday life. His mother did queer things at times that were the talk of the neighborhood. She was half-insane; her misery had poisoned her, and made her too indignant. Only the passive are "sane."

4.

Lily was five years older than her brother Nigger. She was an attractive child, with her soft olive face and great eyes. She was taken from school at an early age, and basted coats at home with her mother and another sister.

Two adults and three children worked incessantly in that family, and together never earned more than an average of \$12 weekly during a year.

Lily hated the long dreary hours of work. Her only fun was snatched when she was sent to the Fifth Avenue shop to carry back the finished suits, or to fetch the unfinished materials.

She would put down her bundle on the sidewalk, and dance to every handorgan she met. She could not resist this. Once her mother caught the dark, gay little girl dancing, and grabbed her by the hair.

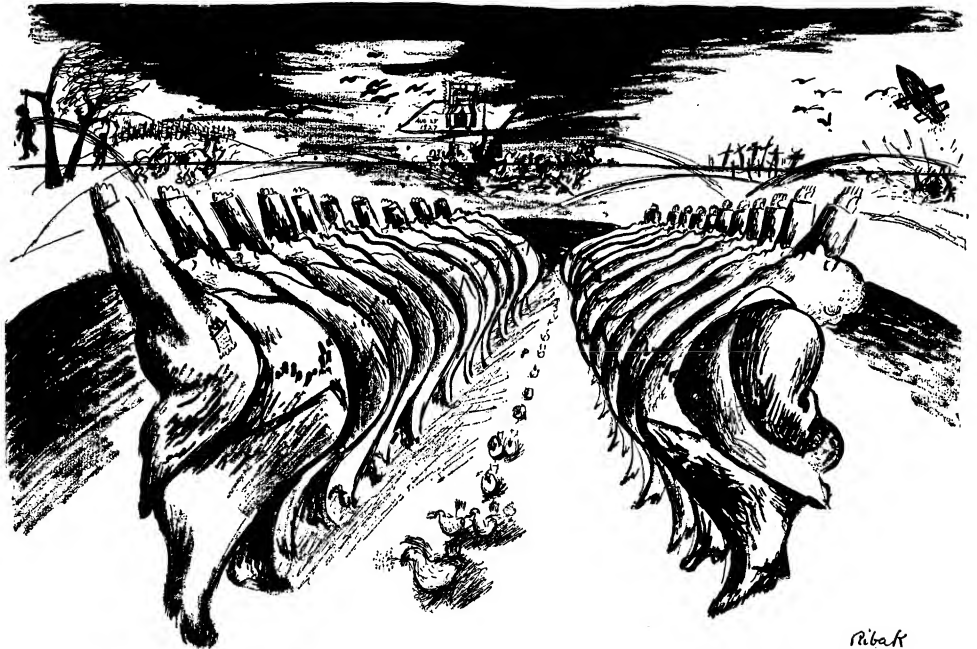
"Monster! So this is where you are! Take that and that!"

"But momma, I want to play sometimes! I must have some play!"

"Play, play!" her mother screamed, "while at home we starve! How can we work if you do not bring us the coats, but dance in the street?"

She beat the child. Lily would not leave the handorgan. There was a frantic, ugly scene between the mother and child. At last the mother subdued her, and the sobbing child said, "Yes, I'll go home."

They looked around for the bundle of coats Lily had been carrying. It had disappeared. A Bowery bum had stolen it during the excitement. He would probably sell it to some pawnshop for a dollar. Nigger's mother went out of her mind. For months



THE GRIM JOKE:— While millions of people slave and die, twenty nations meet for the protection of birds—Drawn by Louis Ribak.

she was hysterical day and night. But even in her delirium she worked, and drove the others on to work faster. The lost bundle had to be paid for.

Nigger was sent to the shops with bundles after that. Lily could not be trusted. She might play again. For years she was kept indoors all day, basting coats. At the age of fifteen she rebelled. She went to work in a paper box factory. She began to wear long dresses, and put up her hair. She flirted with boys in the hallways; she went to dances and stayed out late at night.

Her parents scolded her; but she fought back, she was earning wages, she was free at last.

One night, after a terrific quarrel in which her mother tried to beat the grown-up girl, Lily ran out of the house and didn't come back. The mother hunted for her everywhere, but couldn't find her. Weeks passed, Lily didn't appear.

Then someone saw her walking on 14th Street, with Louis One Eye. She was powdered and painted, and swung the insouciant little handbag of a prostitute. Her name was never mentioned again in Nigger's home.

Nigger said nothing. But one night, at a meeting of the Young Avengers around our campfire, he stood up and said: "Foller me, gang."

We obeyed. He led us to the roof of the tenement where Louis One-Eye kept his pigeons.

There, in the moonlight, we crawled on our bellies to the pigeon house, and broke the lock.

We entered and cut the throats of forty pigeons.

They fluttered their wings as we murdered them, then lay silent and gory.

The thick snow glittered on the roof. Skyscrapers vibrated in the distance. A black cat prowled in the snow.

We whispered to each other, and stared about us, expecting Louis. Our hands reeked with blood.

5.

Louis One-Eye may have suspected Nigger of the crime but never tried to punish him for it.

When the boy and the man met, however, they glared at each other like enemies.

Nigger's sister called at the home once, to see the children, whom she loved. The parents wouldn't talk to her.

Nigger's father died. Lily came to the funeral, but her mother refused to speak to her even then.

Lily sent money to the family by mail, and they spent it, but never answered her letters.

I met her once with Nigger, and she laughed and tried to talk to us. Nigger walked away. Lily died in a hospital at the age of 19, of what the East Side called "black syphilis."

Seven years later, when Nigger grew up, one of his first deeds as a gangster was to kill Louis One-Eye.



Ribak

THE GRIM JOKE:— While millions of people slave and die, twenty nations meet for the protection of birds—Drawn by Louis Ribak.



—Drawn by I. Klein.

The Pope: (At the Pearly Gates to report his campaign against "indecent dress"): "Pete, for heaven's sake don't let this get in the papers. It looks like hell!"

LOVER OF MANKIND

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

Debs was a railroad man

born in a weatherboarded shack in Terre Haute.

At fifteen he was already working as a machinist in the shops of the Indianapolis and Terre Haute Railway,

a tall longfaced shamblefooted man.

There was in him some intense dream out of the gusts of his voice filling the pineboarded halls of the railroadmen's organization.

Locomotive fireman on many a long night's run stoking gusty rhetoric,

under the smoke a fire burned him up, men and women saw the fire in his eyes, in the gusty words that beat in pineboarded halls;

a fire burned him for some world that brothers might own, brothers working and wrangling and splitting even friendly like brothers that liked each other, sons of the same father and mother.

That was what he saw in the crowd that met him at the Old Wells Street Depot when he came out of jail after the Pullman strike,

those were the men that chalked up 900,000 votes for him in nineteen twelve and scared the frockcoats and the top hats and diamonded hostesses at Saratoga Springs, Bar Harbor, Lake Geneva with the boggy of a socialist president.

Where were Gene Debs' brothers in nineteen eighteen when Woodrow Wilson had him locked up in Atlanta for speaking against war,

Where were the big men fond of whiskey and fond of each other, gentle rambling tellers of stories over bars in small towns in the Middle West,

quiet men who wanted a house with a porch to putter around

and a fat wife to cook for them, a few drinks and cigars, a garden to dig in, cronies to chew the rag with

and wanted to work for it

and others to work for it

Where were the locomotive firemen and engineers when they hustled him off to Atlanta Penitentiary?

And they brought him back to die in Terre Haute to sit on his porch in a rocker with a cigar in his mouth,

beside him American Beauty roses his wife fixed in a bowl;

and the people of Terre Haute and the people in Indiana and the people of the Middle West were fond of him and afraid of him and thought of him as an old kindly uncle who loved them, and wanted to be with him and to have him give them candy,

but they were afraid of him as if he had contracted a social disease, syphilis or leprosy, and thought it was too bad, but on account of the flag

and prosperity

and making the world safe for democracy

they were afraid to be with him,

or to think much about him for fear they might believe him;

for he said:

While there is a lower class I am of it, while there is a criminal class I am of it, while there is a soul in prison I am not free.

CLUBS

Jud Hawkins is an expert woodworker.

He stands before a woodlathe eight hours a day milling walnut night clubs for policemen.

Eight hours a day he picks straight grained pieces of wood, places them solidly in a machine, sets the knives, and turns the power on.

Eight hours a day the wood spins, the knives hum, the clubs form. And the hum of the knives is music to his hairy ears.

Eight hours a day he grasps dozens of finished clubs in his big hands, swings them at phantom criminals to get the "heft", the "feel"..... and is proud of his job, the clubs, and the part he plays in keeping law and order.

Fifty garment workers picketing a sweatshop on the lower east side of New York carry banners about unionism, wages, hours of labor. They walk back and forth speaking to no one.

A dozen policemen suddenly appear squirting vile words, and beat the strikers to their knees with clubs. And the cries of the strikers is music to their savage ears.

When the job is done they wipe blood from their clubs, are proud of the "heft", the "feel" of their clubs, and the part they play in keeping law and order.

JIM WATERS

Ford Plant, River Rouge

*The crimson skies of night proclaim it.
The roar of a thousand presses intone it.
The bellow of furnaces echo it.
The hum of machinery chants it.*

Power.

Power of man over nature.

Power of man over man.

*Power of the fires,
Power of the presses,
Power of drills over nature.*

*The hum of machinery chants it.
The bellowing furnaces echo it,
The roar of a thousand presses intone it
The crimson skies of night proclaim it,*

Power!

Power of man over nature,

Power of man over man.

ROBERT CRUDEN



—Drawn by I. Klein.

The Pope: (At the Pearly Gates to report his campaign against "indecent dress") : "Pete, for heaven's sake don't let this get in the papers. It looks like hell!"



A Moment For Talk—Drawn by Carl Rabus.

By ED FALKOWSKI

BERLIN IN CRIMSON

1. RED ECHOES IN UNTER DEN LINDEN.

Of Germany's three-million Communist vote, Berlin contributes over a good half-million. 52 Communists participate in the city-council; three daily papers and a horde of weeklies and glowing monthlies flood the streets, smoking from the presses; hundreds of thousands of pamphlets are gobbled up by a proletariat hungry for information; 300 writers are bound in a revolutionary-author's league, and at least five publishing houses give themselves entirely to the publication of proletarian literature.

Revolutionary artists design simple, yet effective scenery for plays issuing from rebel pens, which thousands of workers flock to see when produced. The actors, many of them professionals, take part in these protest-plays out of devotion to the cause. Everywhere one feels life, movement. Nightly meetings are called, protesting against movie censorship, against press restrictions, against Zörgiebel's freshest outrages. Crimson banners, flaming speeches, hooting audiences attest the popularity of the present sovereigns of the German "Republic."

Unter den Linden maintains its smug, fur-coaty complacency. Its coffee-houses are crowded with idlers; limousines haul fine ladies about, on shop-errands; well-dressed students hustle with brief-cases to the university; hotels advertise "American bars." Frowning upon this whirling traffic stands the red sandstone headquarters of the Soviets. Formerly a palace, it houses now the Russian consuls, and a large staff of officials. Near it, withered women shout the names of the Red dailies, catching street-trade.

Not far from this German boulevard is Alt-Moabit, a sump of crying poverty; further up is Herman Platz, where the May battles occurred, grim with memoirs of that bitter episode. Beyond the palaces begin endless labyrinths of suffering and want—chains of streets, shrill monotonies of decrepit houses, drunken staircases, gaslights; countless saloons, druggeries, undertaking establishments. Here exist Berlin's proletarian swarms.

2. WORKERS' THEATRE. . .

Many years ago the Volksbühne was founded in Berlin—a sort of mohogany hippodrome with ponderous gilt flowers growing near the art-panelled ceiling, and a brainy refinement percolating through it. Its purpose was the staging of worker-plays.

Today however, the Volksbühne gives itself up to boulevard interpretations of history. Its productions are fraught with overburdening scenery beneath which the actors strive in vain to reach the audience. But the audience accepts this theatre as New Yorkers do Keith's intellectualized circus-tent—a projector of big spectacles. Every production must at least be whale-sized, and lion-voiced. It must have more setting than meaning; more mass movement than individual strength. When the last curtain falls, many shrug their shoulders when you ask them what the play was about. Nor is this important. What is important is the extravaganza of back-ground—the giant scale on which things here are done. Certainly superior to any American manner, with a revolving stage a distinct advantage in giving a play a breadth unthinkable on the Manhattan footboards.

The audience which fills this once proletarian playhouse is now redolent with perfumes and manners. Opera clothes are to be seen, spyglasses and lorgnettes. During the pause one sees a miniature fashion-show in the foyer.

But the Prolets for whom the playhouse was intended

are seldom to be seen. For this theatre has become the home for reactionary productions. Not only do creampuffy plays come before the public here, but plays distinctly bourgeois in tone, as "*Tolstoi or Lenin*," produced last winter.

* * *

The real proletarian theatre is homeless, wandering from stage to stage with its productions. Its latest is a miner-play written by Anna Gmeyner, an Austrian comrade, entitled "*Army without Heroes*."

Miss Gmeyner observed intimately the life of Scotch miners, and her effort to realize the various aspects of a serious mine-accident in a play, while limiting it to a mere report of what happens there during the time, has succeeded in filling the house on Sunday mornings, when worker-plays are usually given.

The play takes the audience through all the nerve-rendering phases of a mine-accident, pointing out how the director's negligence is responsible; taking us into the sorrow-stricken homes of widows, introducing us to the unspoken horrors that brood over every mine-pit in the world.

3. "THE LEFT-CURVE."

"Speaking choruses" are the latest style in German propaganda method. These consist of troupes of youthful comrades who, in song, dance and pantomime, ridicule the leading reactionaries, protest against police brutality and the tightening noose of the law. These choruses make up a vagrant vaudeville-minstrel combination. The program varies with the daily news. Every occurrence registers itself in satiric song or sketch, drawing the laughter of the worker audiences.

These groups, the most famous of which is the Red Speaking-Chorus of Berlin, furnish the humor to balance the colossal heaviness of drama itself. Proletarian troubadors, singing of revolution in the midst of most brutal suppressions. (Communist leaders expect the party soon to be driven underground, their papers smothered, and the coming years to be given to quietly intense activities.)

The "Left-Curve" is one of the newest speaking-choruses. Their production the other night left little to be desired. The Police-Club dance was greeted by a storm of applause. Parodies of popular hits were sung; republicanism was played in pantomime as black clergy, royalists, militarists, and soupy democrats came in for their share of comment; the cops came on the scene jumping like billy-goats afflicted with St. Vitus—and the audience surrendered to immense belly-quaking laughter.

The revolutionary world moves amid dramatic situations from which laughter and tears are squeezed out of the proletariat. Its plays, its speaking-choruses, the readings given by its many poets—Weinert, the clear-voiced; Becher, the impassioned; Grunberg, the intellectual; Wittvogel, the Oriental—and a host of others, are magnets for the crowds. No wonder Berlin is the hot-bed of European radicalism today. Its leaders have not only a sense of sorrow. They are fortunately blessed with a rich fund of humor.

4. MANHATTANIZATION.

Down to automat and quick-lunch stands, Berlin has borrowed the clothes of Manhattan. Its nights are alive with green and red banners of light, advertising some mighty new soap or medicine tablet. Flunkeys in mocha-colored overcoats open the doors of stores for entering customers. Newskids shout the latest sensations into the ears of theatre crowds. Potsdam Platz is a coffee-house edition of Times Square. Herman Platz is a washed-out Flatbush. Berlin's theatres are not clumped together into a White Way section, but are scattered about the city. This is an advantage to traffic.

But the grand life of the main avenues is not for the worker who must remain satisfied with the crudities of the ancient bar-room. This is his coffee-house, club-house, loungeabout place, often his hotel; he can at least forget his troubles here, while in the process of acquiring new ones.

But the placid security of coffee-houses and the glitter of theatre crowds is not so secure, at bottom, while ill-paid and overworked prolets become intelligent enough to understand something of the causes for their intensifying misery.



Subway—Drawn by Wm. Siegel



Subway—Drawn by Wm. Siegel



Subway—Drawn by Wm. Siegel



Drawn by William Gropper

"Down with a Workers' Government!"

Editor *New Masses*:

The Pope, the archbishops of Canterbury and York of England, rabbis, priests, ministers, all the members of the bible-bangers union (and the guy behind the Pope) have all joined in a "holy" war against the workers' government in Soviet Russia.

Bishop Manning of New York tells the press: "I have myself seen the most blasphemous, revolting and obscene pictures issued as a part of this propaganda in papers published and circulated under the auspices of the Soviet government."

—So I thought I'd make *another* picture for him. (I hope the Soviet government pays for these things—I know you won't.)

Hopefully,

WILLIAM GROPPER.

Eastside Dawn

*O, the lonely dawn is a one-eyed cat
pacing an alley and it can't get out:
pacing an alley from day to day
to lick up clouds like curdled strands
and to lap up a mist of sick green whey.*

The cries of drivers along the street!
The rough sex jest of a milkwagon driver
and the sleepy laugh of a baker's helper
who shivering scratches dough from the hair of his arm.....

In a quick tired arc of accustomed agility
the milkman swings to the wagon seat
His cheeks flatten down from the tune he whistles;
he cries *giddap* and slaps with the reins a horse's back,
a horse that snorts a fine white mist and leaves
in the gutter a pyramid that smokes.

The rattle of milk bottles in wire carriers,
the trudge of the milkman on creaking stairs;
the thud on the floor as he sets bottles down ,
the rattle of empties as he picks them up.

And the switching on of lights makes little colored
patches on the drab cold fronts of tenement houses.

*O, the lonely dawn in a one-eyed cat
pacing an alley and it can't get out—
the lonely dawn is a one-eyed cat
With its head at the edge of a dirty bowl!*

PORTER MYRON CHAFFEE

Confabs in Coffee Pots

*Congenial coffeepot chauffeurs converse:
Decide vast issues in a cigarette-puff
of smoke.
Conducive to conclusiveness,
the fetid atmosphere*

*Swirls about the slanty caps
And the cocksure cups
Of coffee, hot:
Half-and-half
Or black.*

*Late . . .
an emptiness,
a gray despair
creeps into heart . . .
What lurks somewhere?
They turn; afraid, and peer;*

*Then backward turn, wisecracking
of a dame or horse
or a prizefight seen
In a similar atmosphere . . .*

*somewhere an emptiness,
the gnawing sense of waste,*

*Aw—sh—!
They spit, they smoke, they curse—
Congenial coffeepot chauffeurs,*

CONVERSE.

HERMAN SPECTOR.

MARCH, 1930



Drawn by William Gropper

"Down with a Workers' Government!"

Teachers Who Flunked

By HUGO GELLERT



By Ida Blechman
11 years



By Irene Wolfson
11 years



By Betty Rothenberg
11 years

The other day the postman handed me a large envelope. It contained a beautifully printed portfolio of linoleum cuts made by the children of the Modern School at Stelton, New Jersey.* On one of the pages I read "All work connected with his folio is done by the children of the School." It is a good job and I would like to print all the linoleum cuts. They are very good.

Some ten years ago I was "the drawing teacher" at the Stelton School. At that time Alexis and Elizabeth Fern were the principals. Jimmie Dick the present head of the school was one of the teachers, also Sherwood Trask, a very promising poet. It seemed to be a capable teaching staff and had the support and cooperation of most of the parents. There was every reason to believe that the school would be successful in its purpose: to develop useful men and women. Useful for whom?

The children were of working class origin. The school itself was created by workingclass solidarity and cooperation. One may reasonably expect that these children when they come of age would naturally be interested in the welfare of their class and would be loyal and would stand by it. I believe however that the above would be too much to expect of the majority of the children who were taught at the Modern School. I would even go further. I know only two or three of these children of whom that much could be expected in all confidence. The fault is ours. The teachers were full of illusions about "libertarian ideas," "concepts of freedom," "individuality," etc. And the children, now men and women, in their behaviour reflect the environment that we made for them. They are tolerant lukewarm sophists who cannot work up much enthusiasm about anything. Cautious, safe and sane mediocrities, devoid of fire. They may make good go-getters, sure to get more than they give. We cultivated precious hothouse flowers. "Hands off," "don't touch me" signs placarded all over them. We adults failed to assert ourselves. We should have frankly told them what we really believed and what we stood for. We should have treated them as our equals. We did not take them into full confidence. We should have told them the value and importance embodied in our class within the structure of the present society. We should have told them of its important role in the formation of a new society. We should have written our own text books, should have told them stories of our own heroes, about our own hopes and desires. I feel confident they would have turned out differently, had we done so.

One of my pupils who became the drawing teacher after I left the school is an able painter and is at present teaching at the Mohegan Colony, another Worker's school. His name is William Pogrebysky. His example substantiates my assertions. His parents, intelligent workers, gave him that background that we failed to give to the other children.

We bungled and we may as well admit it. And I would like to find more evidence of a class conscious attitude of the teachers in the work of the children. It is the one criticism that I have to make concerning that lovely folio. Because the teachers should not flunk again.

*Linoleum Cuts—by children of the Modern School, Stelton, N. J.



By Siegfried Blackman
11 years



By Mary Rapaport
13 years



By Jean Bushwick
10 years

Whistling Past a Graveyard: Toledo

The great Willys-Overland plant dominates Toledo's industrial life, for many of the lesser factories manufacture Overland parts. Consequently when Overland, ground between the nether millstone of General Motors and the upper millstone of Ford, battles for life in diminishing markets, when frantic salesmen importune in vain, when the orders shrink to microscopic proportions, unemployment socks the city with a heavy fist. The working force is cut ruthlessly. The air is full of nervous expectation, for every worker knows his time card may be numbered. Southern Ishmaels who sought the bright gold of the rainbow's end, pack their suitcases and clear out of town. That is, if they are lucky enough to be single and unencumbered. The married ones manage somehow or

other; they are not as proud as the single men. The newspapers chirrup optimistically. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, tells the local Rotary club that everything looks pretty rosy to him, and an era of good feeling between capital and labor is being ushered in. Then they all sit down to a swell feed at the Commodore Perry Hotel. Ad Thatcher feeds nearly a thousand every day on soup and stale bread. It beats nothing. The newspapers hail every agitation of the Overland's death throes as a harbinger of renaissance—a revival of the happy days when 22,000 men milled through the big gates every morning. Now a straggling remnant silently files into the plant, eyed enviously by the jobless, stolidly waiting in the bitter gray dawn for the employment office to open.

"OVERLAND CUTS BIG MELON! PLANT NOW EMPLOY-

ING NORMAL WORKING UNIT!" the headlines scream at the bewildered employees streaming out of the gates on Monday afternoon, laid off until the next Monday. The papers are hysterically cheerful, like a small boy whistling past a graveyard. But obscure figures in an inconspicuous corner attest that the number of men now on the payrolls of the various plants is slightly over half the number of a year ago. There was unemployment even then, and the payroll figures are decidedly deceptive. Two and three day weeks have been the schedule since last September, with occasional vacations of two weeks at a stretch. Oh, yes, all is well with Toledo, saith the papers, and the glad news permeates to every remote corner of the republic.

But they can't kid the hungry and disinherited workers who besiege the free employment agencies or starve silently and proudly, waiting for "something to break." The speakers at the Workers' Center on Canton Avenue do not lack responsive audiences.

Toledo, Ohio

JACK CONROY

SPORT NOTES: SAN DIEGO

A \$10,000 "Bread-Basket" for San Diego's unemployed!

It sounds good, however there will be no free bread.

Mayor Clark was the chief-baker of the "bread-basket" and the city and county bureaucrats have their fingers in the dough.

Beginning the 5th of February, unemployed men, by going to the City Hall and proving that they have lived in the county one year, that they have dependents and that they need work, will be given a ticket of admission to a road-building project in Balboa Park, where they may either play croquet with a pick, or tennis with a shovel. When the sport is over for the day, they will receive a \$2 order for groceries.

Clark remarks about his plan as follows (my italics): "We will not start work until about 10 a. m. That will give the men time to look for other jobs. This work is merely to tide them over until they find regular work."

* * *

Through the suggestion of Councilman McMullen, the Sheriff will establish an embargo on all transient-workers, "vags" (as the San Diego Sun calls them), entering the county. They will have to about-face at the county line, or pay the tariff, which will be a session at the county road-camp in Borego Valley.

However, the Sheriff claims he will need extra deputies, and as good hard-boiled deputies are expensive, perhaps the county supervisors will not approve McMullen's plan.

* * *

Transients from all over the county are continually coming and going. They stay a few days, get hungry and move on. They swamp the employment agencies. They camp in the Free State Employment office. They panhandle. They beg for handouts. Hold-ups have increased.

Flivver tramps roll into town in caravans. They clog up traffic. They run out of gas, get hungry and sell the car for five bucks.

Workers hang on to their jobs with grips of steel and desperation, even to the point of kissing the ground their bosses walk upon.

San Diego is a hotel and restaurant city. One used always to be able to find pearl-diving work. Not so at the present writing. I have been around to dozens of hash-houses only to discover that the cooks are doing the dishwashing!

Many of my acquaintances have been out of work for months. Some of them have lived here all their lives. How do they eat???

Personally, since June 1928, the longest period of time I worked was two months, on a ranch at El Cajon, and that was over a year ago. Since then I work at anything that comes along.

Notwithstanding the economic pressure, Tiajuana and Agua Caliente thrive. The Hollywood crowds come down daily for the races.

The "Iron Heel" is pressing down! Slowly . . . Slowly!!!

San Diego, California.

FRANK THIBAUT

Something New This Year

Get together with kindred souls in a private box at the NEW MASSES SPRING BALL on March 7. Various groups and clubs have made arrangements. A private box (on the balcony overlooking the riot of color and the entertainment on the dance floor) \$15.00 extra; seating 10 or more; reserved for your festivities.

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MOVIES

By EMJO BASSHE

Was She Pushed or Did She Fall?

The above question was answered by the latest talkie to find its way on Broadway without difficulty. It was written by the whole Hollywood colony and if it was directed at all no one missed his chance. (Which of course is a very good thing since the constitution or something says "give everybody a chance.") You must like the plot of this talkie. You must. You must also buy your ticket and applaud. If you refuse you are nothing but a lowdown un-american and you don't like nothing American so help you the pope and the archbishop of Canterbury to hell amen.

Did she fall? And how! She fairly plunged. She was no good at all. In fact she was a little poorrich girl who knew nothing better. And so they gave her dialogue, a tam o'shanter, run down heels and a predilection for garbage cans. Her home life was bad enough to deserve an article by Mrs. Coolidge in Very Good Housekeeping. Her parents were workers therefore they were funny and lived as Park Avenoo doesn't even dream about even after an all night gin party. Her brother was a crook and so the district attorney fell in love with her and so what was (his) or (her) duty?

You must shed tears now and sit tight. A glass bathtub with gold trimmings like nothing you've ever seen. Oh yes she is there, she pushes a button and a maid appears. Another button and furs appear. Another and another and she has hat, shoes, gloves, more maids and a limousine. Eyes follow our little girl. She hides in her furs. An opera box. The Golden Horseshoe will not accept her. Tears like the annual rainfall in Seattle. But virtue must triumph. You paid for that.

She did not fall. *She was pushed.* Virtue must triumph. And so they were married happily.

The above is not the whole truth nor is it good talkie reviewing. It is nothing but a muddle but that's what comes of seeing three talkies in one week. To put their titles down in a row would sound too much like the naked passages in the bible and I might find myself before the statue of liberty pleading for another chance. And I would not deserve it. Anyone who attacks an industry that has billions of dollars invested in it is simply undermining prosperity and prosperity in a country where there is nothing but, never should be undermined leastwise not in an age of prosperity.

Therefore pay your rent in advance for your seat and applaud. If you and ten million like you start hissing the pew rents will fall off and what will the poor film magnate do the poor thing with so much unemployment and hissing?

EMJO BASSHE.

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" " 28:—The Mind of a Moral Woman (1)

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Suzanne La Follette Editor

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BOOKS

REVIEWED BY:

J. Q. Neets
Carlo Tresca

Vern Smith
Ralph Cheyney

Kenneth Fearing
Chas. Yale Harrison

Jews Without Money, by Michael Gold. Horace Liveright. \$3.00.

"A tenement canyon hung with fire-escapes, bed-clothing, and faces . . ." and underneath a roaring stream of life: pushing, wrangling, howling peddlers; crying babies; hoarse hurdy-gurdies; whining beggars; and chanting old-clothes "prophets"; red-nosed bums; "peanut-politicians"; saloon-keepers; longshoremen; gamblers; pimps; students; Jewish mothers with "heroic bosoms;" whores; dogs; cats; parrots; and above all noise, noise, noise—hammering, clanging, jangling, laughter, shouting, excitement, fighting, chaos—this is New York's East Side, America's melting pot, habitat of a million immigrants, birth place of Michael Gold, the author of *Jews Without Money*.

In this book of remarkable reminiscences Gold reveals himself primarily as a pictorial artist. His series of East Side sketches is unforgettably vivid. His style is characterized by simple, strong words; vigorous, staccato rhythms; cinema-like rapidity of shifting scenes. Occasional stylistic slips occur. One is somewhat annoyed, for instance, by the constantly reiterated italicized Jewish *Nu*, which is not infrequently tacked on to a sentence without any artistic or psychological justification. Annoying at times are also Gold's lyrical invocations to his mother or the Revolution or what not. These invocations strike one as incongruous; their gushiness does not fit in with the generally vigorous, aggressively masculine style of the book. Gold's psychological illuminations, though invariably correct and well-sustained, are a little too obvious and conventional. Space does not permit a detailed analysis of the stylistic and psychological aspect of this work, the sociological implications, however, are too important to be glossed over.

Take, for example, the remark that "America is so rich and fat, because it has eaten the tragedy of millions of immigrants." This is sociologically unsound. Who said America is fat? It is American capitalism that is fat; it is the American capitalist who is growing corpulent. But American capitalism, we must not forget, includes rich and fat immigrants as well. Sam Kravitz, "that thief" who robbed Mike's father is an immigrant who by this time has no doubt become a pillar of American capitalism.

The fact that the immigrant, on his arrival to this country, often goes to work in a factory is purely incidental. Mike's romantic father, despite his twenty-five years of labor, was not essentially a worker. He had the aspirations and psychology of a typical petty bourgeois. Were it not for the nefarious trick of Sam Kravitz, Gold senior would have been a prosperous manufacturer, would have lived on Riverside Drive or in the Bronx, and would have sent his sons to Columbia University. Mike seems to ignore the fact that not every Jew without money is necessarily a proletarian. Nor does he seem to realize that a writer's sentimental outpourings over the sorrows of the insulted and injured do not always indicate a proletarian outlook. Dostoevsky and Dickens had shed many bitter tears over the poor, yet Mike Gold would hardly insist that either of them could be classed even remotely as proletarian.

In his fascinating chapter "A Gang of Little Yids," the author, after describing the jolly times he and his friends had had at playing ball, tops, marbles, tag, at fighting, crap-shooting, buffalo hunting, swimming, and, above all, at stealing fruit from outraged peddlers, exclaims: "Ku Klux moralizers say the gangster system is not American. They say it was brought here by low-class

European immigrants. What nonsense! There never were any Jewish gangsters in Europe. The Jews there were a timid bookish lot. The Jews have done no killing since Jerusalem fell. That's why the murder-loving Christians have called us the 'peculiar people'. But it is America that has taught the sons of tubercular Jewish tailors how to kill." Discounting the rhetorical extravagance of the indignant author (There were Jewish gangsters in Europe; not all Jews were timid or bookish; not all Christians are murder-loving; not only murder-loving Christians think of us as a "peculiar people"), I nevertheless feel called upon to point out the basic fallacy in Michael Gold's approach. Nationalistic vehemence has apparently obscured class issues.

We must remember that within the womb of present America, there are the germs of the future, proletarian America. If the *New York Journal* is America, the *New Masses* and the *Daily Worker* are also America. But these subtler aspects of American life for the most part escape the immigrant children. As a result, they are neither here nor there, neither fish nor meat, neither Jews nor Americans, neither Italians nor Yankees; they are without weight, without substance; they have no culture and no loyalty, little shame and less restraint. Their past is a void, their future a void. What know they of Emerson, or Whitman, or Poe? What care they for Sinclair, or Dreiser, or Bob Minor, or Scott Nearing, or Mike Gold? Yet the proletarian attitude does not grow in a vacuum; it transcends the past by emerging from the past. The antithesis leads to a higher synthesis. America is not one thing, one class, one attitude. Unfortunately, however, it is the Tammany Hall aspect of American life, the obvious, the flat, the glaring, that the young East Siders come to know first; it is the ward politician, and the cop, and the speculator who become their criteria of American achievement.

There are exceptions, of course. Michael Gold himself is an excellent illustration. But, then, little Mike's home environment, despite poverty, was extraordinarily wholesome and relatively cultured. A gifted, generous, romantic, highly-imaginative father, and a quiet, gentle, heroic, self-sacrificing mother created a domestic atmosphere conducive to the development of the finest potentialities of their children. Mike's little sister Hester passes like a beautiful angel before the enamored reader. And little Mike himself, for all his devilry, is a lovely boy, sympathetic, responsive, appreciative of his father's narrative and histrionic gifts and of his mother's boundless capacity for understanding and forgiveness. That little Mike had inherited from his parents a rich tradition and culture is discernible in every page of big Mike's book. It matters little that young Mike had envisaged Messiah in the garb of a Buffalo Bill. The point is that he had heard of Messiah, and that he had been taught to yearn for his coming. Here lay the germ of Mike the Revolutionist. In the course of time Mike has transcended the past—the fused Buffalo Bill-Messiah image gave place to the Marx-Engels-Lenin image. The psychological basis, however, has remained: childhood's dream of a happy humanity is one of the motivating forces in Michael Gold's make-up. And if Louis One-Eye and Nigger, resultants of hereditary and environmental forces, have become gangsters; Mike Gold, also a resultant of hereditary and environmental forces, has become one of America's gifted writers and valiant fighters for a collectivist society.

J. Q. NEETS.

From Fascist Prisons

Escape, by Francesco Fausto Nitti, G. P. Putman's Sons. \$2.50.

I know two sorts of books: The one that pleases you, touching gently the cord of your feelings; the other, the one that conquers you and makes you subject to a storm of impulsive and battling passions. "*Escape*" by Francesco Fausto Nitti, has the qualities of both. It is a novel you like to read without pause. It is, also, a human document, an indictment of a tyrannical despotic government that forces you to despair for the progress of humanity and at the same time, lifts you with the heroic stoicism of the victims of such tyranny, battling for justice.

The author, Nitti, Lussu, the former captain of the Italian army, and Carlo Roselli are the three musketers in this epic book that has the realism of Zola and the human appeal of Hugo.

It is not my intention to give here, in brief, the contents of the book. It must be read. You, Americans, more than others, must read it. The atrocities related by Mr. Nitti, the scathing, ugly, powerful description of the desolate islands where political prisoners are relegated in fascist Italy, were all known to me. I am fighting for years with all my power for the same cause for which Nitti has suffered humiliation, violence and prison; his passion is mine, mine his hopes. Nevertheless this book has incensed me against the medieval, brutal force that has strangled the liberty of my country more than anything else.

But this book is written for you, Americans! Read Nitti's book and you will find that the sunny, joyous, singing Italy is cloudy today with the dark force of fascist inquisition.

Escape speaks to you. The force that fascism, the brutalizing straight jacket of a great nation, is not confined to Italy only. It is, more or less the same force of reaction the world over.

CARLO TRESCA

Voltaire and the Church

The Best of All Possible Worlds. By Voltaire. Vanguard Press. \$3.00

Voltaire. *The Incomparable Infidel*. By Joseph Lewis. The Free-thought Press Association. \$1.00.

If there are some who think that our old friend the Holy Catholic Church is suffering from *arteric sclerosis* they have only to see the growing Catholic movement in protestant England, the recognition of the Vatican by the Fascist Government, the understanding between the Calles group in Mexico and the Church, and the Pope's latest condemnation of the Soviet Government in Russia as "degenerate." As Voltaire is still the bitter foe of the Church and as

his books still head the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* they are well worth another reading.

The Best of All Possible Worlds is a compilation of several of Voltaire's anti-religious essays in fiction form and include the incomparable *Candide*, *The White Bull*, *Micromegas*, *Zadig* (unexpurgated) and *Lord Chesterfield's Ear*. Clarence Darrow writes an interesting forward.

The biography by Lewis is a very interesting thing. It is a clearly printed booklet (91 pages) and gives in this limited space the salient factors in Voltaire's life and career. It is within reach of the popular purse (it sells for one dollar) and I should like to see one million copies sold in America; certainly it deserves a wide sale. Lewis writes with the fervor of a keen and artistic propagandist and I read through his book at one exciting sitting.

While much of his material on the Church is known to students, certainly it ought to get a wide hearing because of the lively style in which he presents it.

CHARLES YALE HARRISON

Down to Zero

The Critique of Love, by Fritz Wittels. Macaulay Co. \$3.50.

It hardly seems possible that at this late date there is still gold to be found in them thar hills of psycho-analyses, but if a dilution of Freud to the very zero-point, a preparation made especially for a sub-tabloid audience, is of any avail, the author and publishers of *Critique of Love* will reap millions—millions. A child of ten can spell out the one-syllable words used here, and crow with delighted recognition over the one-cylinder theories, several pages before he comes to them. A quotation from almost any place in the book, so familiar it might have been culled from an album of family mottoes, will be sure to awaken happy memories of 1910. "Today we are in a tidal wave of faithlessness." Or shall we observe that "Freedom is all right, but affectionate coercion is also a necessity for men as well as for animals?"

KENNETH FEARING

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JEWS WITHOUT MONEY



BY

MICHAEL GOLD



Every one knew Mary Sugar Bum. Some of the most sodden bums made love to her. They bought her a five-cent hooker of rotgut whisky and took her into an alley while she cursed them and bargained for more whisky. We children watched this frequent drama.



O Workers' Revolution, you brought hope to me, a lonely, suicidal boy. You are the true Messiah. You will destroy the East Side when you come, and build there a garden for the human spirit.

"The best story of tenement life I have ever read. This account of the author's childhood on the East Side is sure to find a great reading public. Most books about children are dull; but this one is hideous, beautiful, horrifying, gorgeous and unforgettable. What a rare and startling event to come upon a book by a man who has something real to say, and knows how to say it!"—*Upton Sinclair*.

"The two books that I have ever read that seem to give one the taste and smell and terror and immensity of the East Side are *Haunch Paunch and Jowl* and now Mike Gold's *Jews Without Money*."—*John Dos Passos*.

The autobiography of a boy who somehow managed to learn the two great lessons of the Sidewalks of New York: How to be Tough and How to be Tender. When Mike was seven, he knew that evictions were likely to come into your street any day, and perhaps into your house. He knew how the painted girls earned their living. He knew how Louis One Eye got his eye put out, and why he didn't want Mike around when he was talking to Mike's pretty young Aunt Lena.

From the East Side came Mike Gold's first knowledge of life. Nothing was withheld. There were no secrets too dark for childish ears to hear, no meat too strong for childish teeth to chew. Mike tells his story with the art of a writer who uses language with consummate skill, and with the emotion of a man whose heart is full.



For three nights Esther lay in her coffin on the table in the "front room." While she slept, old men hired at the synagogue sat by candlelight in our kitchen. The neighbors crept in, one by one, and sat with us during the *Sheva*. They offered my mother the most dismal comfort. Why is there so much gloomy wisdom at the hearts of the poor?

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LIVERIGHT N.Y.
BOOKS

From Riches to Rags

Seven Iron Men, by Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.00.

De Kruif is a pretty good bacteriologist, according to experts in that line, with some youthful sense of the dramatic and the romantic which caused him to write *Microbe Hunters* four years ago.

Hunger fighters and *Seven Iron Men* were written simply because *Microbe Hunters* was so successful, and each is worse than the last, because each is more a matter of research, and has less to do with De Kruif's own proper field. The *Iron Men* book has nothing to do with it at all, except that there is an unproven theory that microbes laid down the Missabe iron beds, and a certainty that the men who found them were very neatly swindled out of all the profit by this same Rockefeller (and others of his piratical associates and rivals) who founded the Rockefeller institute where De Kruif was working in the division of pathology when he decided to write *Microbe Hunters*.

The book is not much of a history of the iron industry. It is an interesting and human document of the self education of one De Kruif. You can see what happened. He got a lot of notes on the Merritt family—seven boys. For two generations this pioneer outfit "The Nicondas"—"band of brothers" they called themselves poetically, hunted iron in the hills and swamps and forests of the upper St. Louis River, Missabe and Vermillion ranges. Others found iron in the Vermillion range, but finally the Merritt boys, having become partly civilized and begun to use dip needles and such like technical refinements, found iron of unsurpassed richness in the Missabe lying in beds which did not outcrop the surface, but which could be gouged out with steam shovels at almost no cost, with a down grade to the head of Lake Superior, and a cheap water route to what is now Gary and Indiana Harbor, and to Cleveland.

All the first half of the book tells of this exploring in a sort of "Jack in the Woods" style: how Johnny Merritt was lost in the big woods in '84, how Wilbur carried Cashie Merritt across the featherbed swamp, etc., the sort of a book your uncle used to send you for Christmas when you were 14.

Then, having led the Merritts to their discovery, De Kruif evidently read a lot of senatorial investigation documents, and the whole style changes. Try as he can, the happy touch is gone. A serpent and a couple of devils, all former heroes of De Kruif's have to be dealt with. The devils are Rockefeller and Frick, of the Carnegie Steel Co. The serpent is the Rev. Mr. Fred T. Gates, "enthusiastic, cordial, with finely modeled features, abundant wavy hair, and a rare gift of eloquence."

It was that rare gift of words that helped Gates, Rockefeller's agent in his philanthropy stunts, to wheedle Leonidas Merritt into letting the Rockefeller and Frick gang take a mortgage on the Missabe iron, without assuming any of the stock. Then during the financial crisis of the 90's Frick and Rockefeller's gang stopped buying ore for a few years, and took over the mines on the mortgage. Says Harvey, biographer of Frick, "But for the acquirement of the Missabe Mines the colossal U.S. Steel Corporation could not have been organized." One of the Merritts died of the shock, the others sued Rockefeller, but in a capitalist court! And the others mainly went back to prospecting—only there doesn't seem to be any more iron around there. They died poor, discouraged. That's gratitude under capitalism.

VERN SMITH.

Poemes Revolutionnaires par Alexander Pouchkine, traduits du Russe par Valentin Parnac. Les Revues. Paris

This stirring translation into French of the rebel lyrics, epigrams and satires of the Russian Shelley, Pushkin, is the first volume of a series, under direction of N. Guterman and P. Morhange, featuring revolutionary poets of all countries and centuries. A strong passionate though sometimes grandiloquent prophecy which branded as a true poet this aristocrat whose veins ran red with royal Abyssinian blood. His persecuted life and the stinging songs he hurled boldly against tyranny proved him a real rebel and pioneer on the rough trail followed by proletarian poets today.

RALPH CHEYNEY

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HARPER & BROTHERS

The Root of the Matter

Race Attitudes in Children, by Bruno Lasker. Henry Holt and Company. \$4.00.

Those of us who have worked with children, particularly those of us who have been active in freely interracial groups, have realized that race attitudes are conditioned by the environment. This survey, directed by Mr. Lasker, substantiates our conclusions. Even those "many . . . examples," to quote the author, "given throughout this book in tracing some of the adverse race attitudes to the influence that caused them, and especially those contributed by groups and individuals, strengthen the impression that these attitudes are acquired. The idea that they are native or instinctive, as we found one of these groups saying, often is due to the fact that those who held this opinion cannot recollect what happened to them in early childhood."

My proof of the absence of race antagonism in the young child is, I think, a most authoritative one. For five years I directed a children's play village in which the child determined the practice. Children came without restriction, save as to maximum age, to play realistically, and in community. The youngest children enrolled as "mothers," bringing with them other children to be their play "children." Every village-day saw numerous white "mothers" with Negro "children" and Negro "mothers" with white "children." Now, this relationship was the closest of contacts, they ate from the same plates the same make-believe or real food, took the "mother's" name and followed the "mother's" directions. In the village hospital, where older and adolescent girls were nurses, Negro children were served by white and vice-versa. Ordinarily these white girls avoided the Negro boys, although they frequently included Negro girls among their friends. In the serious play the *accepted* attitude was submerged.

Indeed, as this volume well-indicates, what people often take to be a defined racial antagonism, is only a mimetic utterance. Chil-

dren, for instance, use insulting terms without actually understanding their references. They hear disapprobations like "nigger," "Jew," "sheeny," "kike," "mick," "wop," etc. and these are used connotatively, so that frequently one will hear a Polish child or an Irish child refer to a friend of identical nationality as: "Jew!" because the friend has rubbed him wrong.

Lasker, like a skilled *objective* surgeon, isolates a frequent teacher's proof of children's race hostility into the quarantine of adult prejudice. That, of course, is the great obstacle: the *acquired* antagonism of adults working with children of the interracial. In my work I was constantly hindered by associates who avowed their freedom from all prejudice but who gave insistent evidence of dislikes or qualifications. What of their prejudice was not virulently expressed was suggested, and to children already raw from persecution. I include in this description not only the major race-prejudice against the Negro, but contempt of the Jew, and the foreigner generally. Or if not an anti-sentiment there was a sympathy sometimes more injurious because it was a sentimentalism and a lie.

Prejudices may begin, not solely as sentiments against another people, but as sentiments in favor of one's own. Lasker gives instances of such, e. g., the superiority of the "Jewish head," a slogan of many Jews. Lasker's collectanea is impartial in its indictment of the varieties of social influence where such influence is inimical to a pure interracial: school, Sunday school, playground, movies, newspapers, etc. It also stresses the fact of the error often made between curiosity and prejudice; the examples are empathic.

In his summary and conclusions, the aims and methods of an education to eradicate racial antagonisms, Lasker is aware of the group-difficulties, the ideological and moral entanglements in the social structure. So aware, in fact, that one is tempted to ask him: "Can present society, with its competitive aims, produce complete amity or even a measure of amity?" Perhaps had Mr. Lasker scrutinized the efforts being made to radicalize Negro labor on equal terms with the white, and its inevitable establishment of good-will in the interracial, he might have found another clue to the social answer. But one cannot quarrel with so honest, zealous and vigilant a survey as this. One must be grateful for it.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN.



MIR
KIN
SON

WORKERS' ART

A monthly department for reports and discussion of Workers' Cultural Activities.

Workers' Drama

Editor *New Masses*:

The Workers Dramatic Council of New York has grown to a membership of about 1,000 including 21 different dramatic groups. English, German, Finnish, Hungarian, Lithuanian, Ukranian, Russian, Jewish and other groups are included. In addition to the Executive Committee, dramatic, technical and organization departments are functioning. Technical advice has been supplied to groups after their performances. Numerous requests for plays have been answered. Contact has been established with Workers Dramatic groups in Cleveland and plays supplied for their Lenin Memorial meeting; also to the Vanguard players of Phila., as well as to Madison, Wis. and Portland, Oregon.

On the suggestion of group representatives criticism and discussion has taken place at the council meetings on five plays produced in New York: *Naftoli Botwin* by the Artef, *White Trash* by the Workers Laboratory Theatre and *Machine Guns* by the same group; *Kannibal* by the Hungarian (Yorkville) and *Last Hour* by the Bronx Hungarian.

On the basis of these discussions changes were made in the plays and productions of various groups. The Workers Dramatic Council participated in the New York Lenin Memorial meeting, supplied most of the speaking characters to the pageant and numerous props and costumes used.

The council in its first season in the face of difficulties, lack of money and experience, has every reason to be gratified. We have received unqualified support from Workers Groups who have attended the productions. Further reports on progress and discussion of the problems facing us will be made for future issues of the *New Masses* Workers Art Section.

Fraternally,

L. A. De Santes, Sec'y-Org.
1271—55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Labor Sports

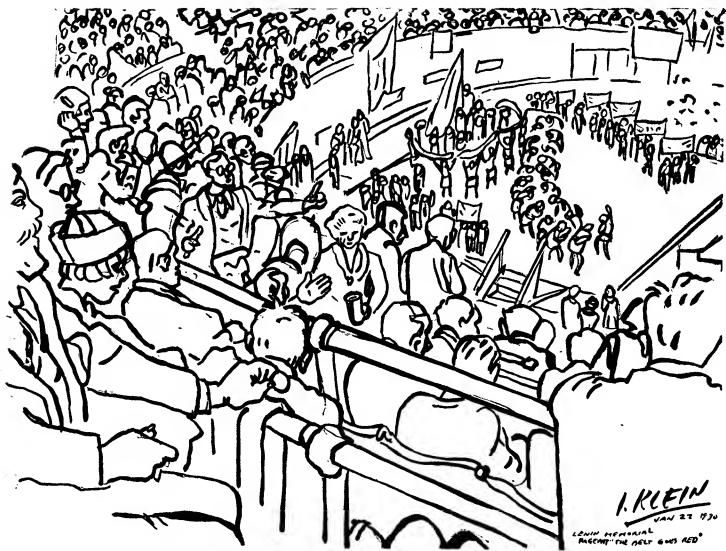
Editor *New Masses*:

By the time this should be printed, the professional baseball players will be packing their uniforms preparatory to making their trips to the southern and western spring training camps. The papers are now ballyhooing about the "hold-outs" and Babe Ruth's big salary.

In contrast, let us present the workers' sports movement, and our plans for the coming activities. At present we are preparing for a national baseball tournament. We expect to have at least one baseball league composed of worker baseball players wherever we have a club or contacts. The successful carrying out of the plans for this national baseball tournament will mean one of the biggest strides the Labor Sports Union has ever made. Baseball is the American mass sport, and we are out to develop it under workers control.

Our past activities have shown some very encouraging results. In the three years of our existence, we have succeeded in drawing into our organization approximately 7,000 members with clubs in most of the biggest cities in the country, and in smaller localities. In the Workers Soccer Association, a section of the L.S.U. we have some sixty-two active soccer teams. There are gymnastic units in almost every one of our clubs. Last year we were able to develop basketball to some extent, and at present in New York we have a junior basketball league of eighteen teams which are playing for a trophy to be presented by the Trade Union Unity League. Our summer track and field meets and our winter indoor meets have proven to be big attractions. Our last national track and field meet drew over 500 worker sportsmen from all parts of the country.

At our last convention the delegates voted unanimously to



Drawing by I. Klein, member of the John Reed Club of the Red Dancers in their pageant "The Best Goes Red" at the Lenin Memorial Meeting. The pageant was under the direction of Edith Segal and Emjo Basshe. Over 60 dancers and about 300 people participated. The performance was one of the most remarkable ever given by revolutionary workers in New York City.

affiliate the L.S.U. with the Red Sports International. This affiliation is already beginning to take definite form. Besides the international socialist competition we have signed with the worker sportsmen of the Soviet Union. The U.S.S.R. is sending us a Soviet Soccer team this fall to compete with our soccer players. In return, we will send track and field athletes to the international workers sports meet to be held in Berlin this June.

These are in brief our activities. The Labor Sports Union of America is the only real workers' sports organization in the United States. And it is gaining ground among worker sportsmen. No one can doubt that sports for the workers and under workers' control are a real asset to the class struggle.

Every worker sportsman should join the L.S.U. All workers and young workers should write to us for information about the L.S.U.

Comradely yours for Workers' Sports

Walter Burke, Ntl Sec'y

William Albertson, Org. Sec'y

Room 512, 949 Broadway, New York City.

Music and Dancing

Editor *New Masses*:

The Department of Cultural Activities of the Workers International Relief finds itself today ready to undertake many important educational and cultural activities which go beyond the plans outlined since its inception four months ago. In order to keep pace with the ever increasing revolutionary movement in this country, we intend to organize our work on all fronts and be ready to contribute our share and strength to the class war.

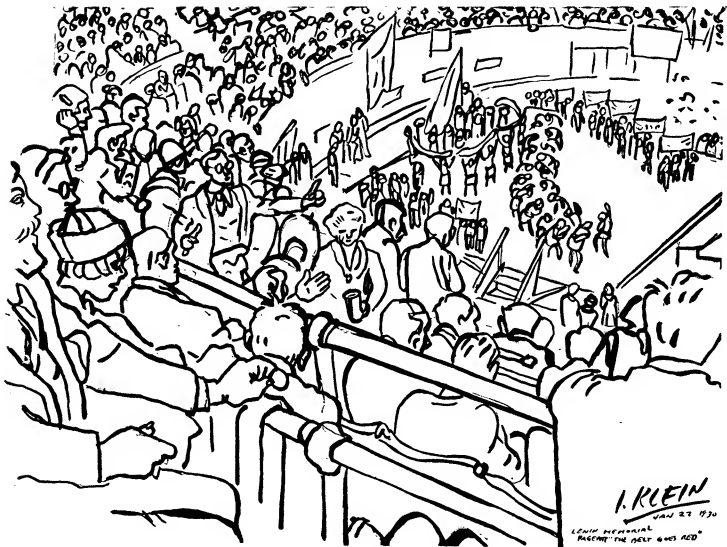
We must plant the fruits of proletarian culture and art amongst the children of the workers and the workers themselves. The theatre, music, films, arts, crafts—must be captured. Our great need now is to make a collection of all revolutionary music, of mass recitations, songs, plays for workingclass children, mass plays and sketches. Band, orchestra, chorus leaders, directors and instructors for theatrical groups must come out from their hiding and work with us. There are many workingclass organizations who cannot continue their cultural work because they lack such leaders.

Concretely we ask teachers and leaders for the following work: *Choruses; Small string orchestras; Folk instruments such as mandolin, guitar, etc.; Band instruments; Arts and Crafts; Vocal music; Teachers of dramatic arts—pantomime, diction, folk dancing, acting, stage management; direction, voice culture. Musicians who will help arrange and transcribe music.*

We are planning to give the first production of a mass play in April.

The Workers Camera League of the W. I. R. has postponed its

NEW MASSES



All-America Exhibit of Photographs till April as many requests have come from all parts of the world asking for a chance to participate. We therefore decided to make this an international exhibition.

Four theatres have been established in different sections of the country showing movies, once to three times a week.

A new W. I. R. Bookshop has been established in New York at 230 E. 84 St. in charge of George Schmidt.

The W. I. R. Brass Band and the W. I. R. Chorus took part in the Lenin Memorial Pageant given at Madison Square Garden January 22.

WORKERS INT'L RELIEF Dept. of Cultural Activities.
Room 511, 949 Broadway, New York., Alg. 8048

John Reed Club

New Masses:

The following is a report of some of the activities of the John Reed Club during January:

The outstanding feature was the pageant, "The Belt Goes Red" arranged by Edith Segal and Emjo Basshe at the Lenin Memorial Meeting at Madison Square Garden on January 22. Over 60 dancers took part. The program was under the direction of the Workers Cultural Department of the W. I. R. Paul Keller led the brass band.

The poster drawing used for the Lenin Memorial meeting was by Theodor Scheel from the *New Masses*.

On January 16 the second New Exhibit of 42 drawings, paintings, lithographs, opened at the Borough Park Workers Club with a symposium led by Louis Lozowick, Gropper and Klein. The same exhibit is to be shown at 4 other Workers Clubs; the second showing at the Brownsville Youth Center on February 9 opened with an enthusiastic discussion which lasted for three hours and was led by Joe Pass, I. Klein, Adolph Wolf and Morris Pass. The experience in this and previous symposiums led to a plan to collect data on these symposiums for a pamphlet to be written at the conclusion of the winter season.

The writers-theatrical-musicians group is arranging for a pamphlet story on the life of Katovis to be written by Joseph North and A. B. Magil; puppet shows for children's groups; and a collection of Workers Songs, American and foreign, to be arranged by Harold Hickerson, Helen Black, Emjo Basshe and Paul Keller.

The Art School in the Bronx Apartments is functioning now under the direction of Hugo Gellert. The music school with a membership of nearly 100 has among the teachers Harold Hickerson, Eugene Nigab and Lydia Cinquegrana. Both schools were organized and function under the direction of the W. I. R.

The W. I. R. Music, Art and Crafts School to be established in a downtown section in February, will have William Gropper, Morris Pass, Mina Harkavy and other John Reed Club members as teachers.

On March 15 a one-day protest exhibit of John Reed Club artists will be held at the clubrooms.

During January, 19 members of the John Reed Club contributed stories, poems and drawings to the February issue of the *New Masses*. John Dos Passos in France wrote an article on John Reed for *Monde* of Paris.

Greetings have been received from abroad during the month from the cultural department of the R. I. L. U., (Moscow); Students of Tokyo and Imperial Universities, (Japan); The Owl Society, proletarian writers and artists group of North China.

The club is now working on the following activities during February: 5 exhibits at Workers Clubs; a Red Art Night, benefit of the Workers School at the Bronx Coop Apartments; articles, poems, drawings, reviews for various publications. A combined John Reed Club—*New Masses* Art Night and Dance will take place the latter part of March or in the first week of April.

New York, N. Y.

WALT CARMON, Sec'y.

Any book reviewed, or any book in print can be secured for you quickly and at publishers' prices thru the New Masses Book Service. Page 24.

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In his preface the "bad heretic" bishop says, I have done all within my power to make this book well worth while simply as a course of instruction in the sciences. He might have added; but, anyhow, I have succeeded in making the theology of the "good orthodox" bishops so utterly ridiculous as to make them laughing-stocks when they preach it.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

A Poet on Various Matters

Dear *Masses* Editor:

The recent issues of the *New Masses* have been very good. By and large the *New Masses* is the only publication in America which escapes chain-store monotony and boredom. I like the way you have reduced the section devoted to book reviews. I like the sections devoted to correspondence. Please encourage and enlarge these sections if possible. I believe workers' correspondence is one of the most vital phases of proletarian magazines and life. In the February issue the articles, stories, poems and caricatures hit a happy balance of good work that should make every proletarian reader happy. Nobody can accuse the *New Masses* for lacking guts: February's cover by Klein had it. I can imagine a steel-worker, a pigsticker, a Fordized slave laughing to the point of a bellyache over a caricature like this one. "The Dish-washer" is a great piece of work—I often wonder if Gropper was ever a pearl-diver. Give us a little information on this subject. (He was!—Ed.) I like Kalar's story and look for some great stuff from the pen of this log-scaler.

From what I have read of Dos Passos' book in the *New Masses* indicates strongly that he has done an excellent job. I suppose Mike's book will also soon be off the press. *Jews Without Money* is certainly a fine title. I am sure these two books are worth saving your nickles for. I hope the *New Masses* readers give the boys a glad hand by buying out the first editions to the last copy.

Mike's *Program for Writers*, seems to have come to naught if Cheyney's letter voices the sentiment of proletarian writers. I am anxious to read more on this subject and hope the contributing editors and members of the John Reed Club will have something to say. I don't think Cheyney's attitude on the subject is correct by any means; neither do I believe Mike's ideas are practicable as they stand. It's a good subject for discussion and proletarian writers and artists should not let it slip by without attention.

Lantana, Florida

JIM WATERS.

All Wet

Dear Mr. Gold:

Again you Communists show yourselves to be the world's worst tacticians!

In the January *New Masses*, you scoff at the attempts of liberal journalists to get back beer. Whether we drink essence of muriatic acid from the hip or culmbacher from a seidel is of no importance to you, and still you talk about "universal class interests."

Exploitation by capitalism is suffered by one strata of society; it does not affect all groups. Prohibition does, and if you fel-

lows choose to muffle your chance of getting on the bandwagon of modification, you're simply out of luck to pull your other propaganda.

Your whole attempt at minimizing prohibition as an issue is typical of all tea-party labor-leaders. You're just one step away from the W.C.T.U., the Anti-Saloon League and Upton Sinclair, who argues that, "alcohol destroys the hepatic cells and thus renders proletarians less class-conscious."

I have yet to meet an honest-to-God radical who, along with his bag of tricks for a new economic order does not have prohibition tucked up his sleeve as one means of achieving a new social state.

Chicago, Ill.

WILLIAM ABSOLON.

From North China

Dear Comrades:

I have received the November issue of *New Masses* which you have so kindly sent me. I have read all the contents with interest and have translated a few of them into Chinese to be published in some of the periodicals about Proletarian Literature here in North China.

Although we have lost our freedom of speech and press in this country, we are still endeavoring to establish the proletariat in life and literature. As a matter of fact, the radical artists and writers of North China have recently organized the "Owl Society," with headquarters in Tientsin and branches in old Peking and other industrial towns.

I hope that I shall be able to inform you regularly the news of the workers' art movement in this part of China.

I am now also trying to get subscriptions for the *New Masses* in North China.

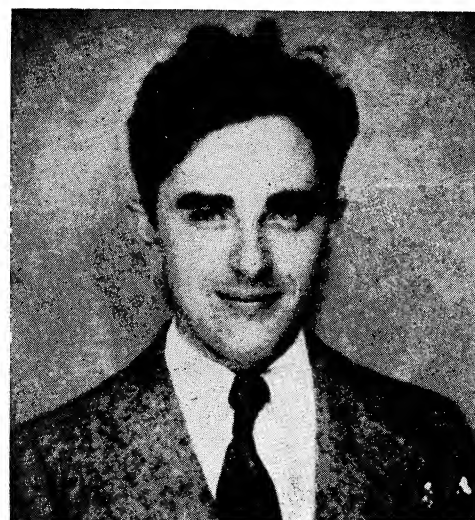
From your sincere Chinese comrade,

Tientsin, North China

K. CHANG.

In The Unemployed Symposium: *Harvey O'Connor* is editor of the *Federated Press*; *Ralph Cheyney* editor of *Contemporary Vision*; *Bob Cruden*, 22 year old Ford auto-worker and writer has contributed to the *Nation*, *Labor Defender*, *Daily Worker* and other publications (first appearance in *New Masses*); *Joseph Kalar* 23 years old is a lumber scaler; *Norman Macleod* 23 years old worker-poet-editor of *Morada* (first prose in *New Masses*); *Jack Conroy*, Willys-Overland auto-worker is co-editor of *Unrest-Rebel Poets Anthology*, 1929 and is now writing a biography of Mark Twain; *Frank Thibault* 24 year old worker-poet has been pearl-diver, hobo, transient worker and he insists,—a good cook.

Joseph Freeman—is co-editor (with Joshua Kunitz and Louis Lozowick) of *Voices of October*, a book on the art and literature of Soviet Russia to appear soon.



I. Klein—32 years of age, painter and cartoonist, was born in Newark, N. J. He studied first in an evening art school in New Jersey while working in shops and factories by day. He studied later at the National Academy of Design. For ten years he was "cartoon animator" for the movies drawing Mutts, Jeffs and Krazy Kats. His work appears in all leading national publications. He has exhibited drawings, lithographs and paintings in various galleries. He has made several short trips abroad but has spent most of his life around New York where he is now living. He is a contributing editor of the *New Masses*.

In This Issue

Carl Rabus—is a German artist born in Munich, 1900. Book illustrator, contributor to *Jugend*, *Querschnitt*, etc. Exhibited in Berne, Zurich, Stuttgart and Holland. Now exhibiting at the Murai Galleries in New York. First appearance in *New Masses*.

Jacob Burck—has been staff artist on the *Daily Worker*. He is a sign painter in New York City.

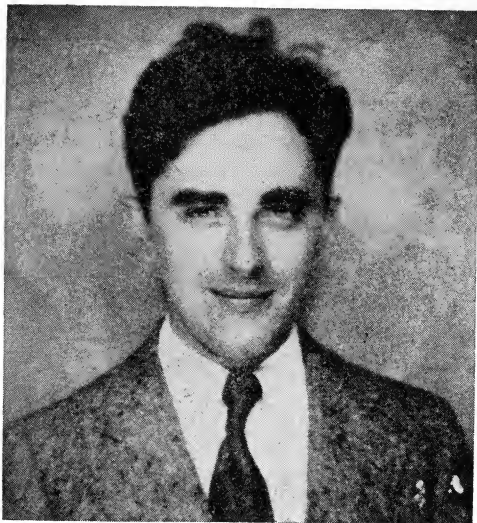
John Dos Passos—now in Europe, contributes from his book *The 42nd Parallel* just off the press. Previous installments appeared in the January and February issues of *New Masses*.

Ed Falkowski—24 year old Pennsylvania miner is now working in Soviet Russia.

Morris Pass—who designed the cover for this issue did cartoons for the strikers during the Seattle General strike. Later he served a sentence at the Federal Prison at McNeil's Island for a case arising from his anti-war activities. For a year he was staff cartoonist on the *Jewish Daily Freiheit*. He is 34 years old and has spent a number of years on the Pacific coast. He is now living in New York.

Louis Ribak—now living in New York was born in Russian Poland in 1901. He has contributed often to the *New Masses* and has exhibited at the Whitney Club, Anderson Galleries and in the current exhibitions of the John Reed Club.

NEW MASSES



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The Mystery of a Cablegram — Or a Study in Yellow

Editor *New Masses*:

Ever since the arrival of Michael Karolyi in this country, a controversy is raging around the Rand School incident. By the grace of the socialist party I was given the role of Mephisto in this affair. I believe it is altogether fitting that I too should be heard.

When I learned that the Feakins agency booked Michael Karolyi to speak under the auspices of the Rand School (the Feakins agency had not realized the political significance of such a move) I communicated with Karolyi and I told him that the Rand School is a social democratic institution. As a result of that information he cabled to his agent that while he is willing to speak at the Rand School meeting he would do so only under the auspices of the Feakins agency.

The reason. The social democratic party of Hungary had entered into a pact with the Fascist government of Horthy. According to that pact the Social Democrats pledged themselves not to organize the poor peasants, to deny in the foreign press that a White Terror ever existed in Hungary, and assist the government in suppressing the city as well as the rural proletariat. For these valuable services rendered to the Horthy government the leaders of the Social Democratic Party received seats in parliament.

Michael Karolyi repeatedly attacked the Social Democratic Party of Hungary and branded it as traitorous to the working class. He looks upon it as an enemy. Therefore he could not very well speak under the auspices of a socialist party institution in America and carry on war against the socialist party of Hungary (the two are affiliated through the Second International). It is a European tradition that if one speaks under the auspices of a political party one is identified with the policies of that party.

Furthermore Michael Karolyi is a leader of the International Anti-Fascist bureau which was formed by the Anti-Fascist World Congress in Berlin during the month of March, 1929. This bureau was denounced by the Social Democrats as a Communist Organization in spite of the fact that beside Karolyi others like Guido Miglioli former leader of the Catholic Peoples Party of Italy, Fau Noli ex-prime minister of Albania, were among the active participants of the Congress. A resolution was formulated and unanimously adopted. I quote it: "Social Democracy . . . (is) preaching 'Economic Peace' and 'reconciliation of the classes' amidst the fight which the bourgeoisie is waging against the revolutionary labor movement. These are the same mendacious slogans with which Mussolini organized his march on Rome . . . and imposed Fascist rule. Reformism is preparing the way for Fascism everywhere. While its left wing promotes Fascism by holding the workers back from the fight against Fascism, the right wing does not shy at an open alliance with Fascism for the combating of the revolutionary proletariat and its organization."*

Were the leaders of the socialist party uninformed of these facts or did they merely ignore them as inconsequential?—Mr. Morris Hillquit with the true instinct of a barrister, not much interested in facts, is determined to find a culprit upon whom he may fasten the guilt. Has it ever occurred to Mr. Hillquit to look into a mirror?

The *New Leader* printed an article attacking Michael Karolyi which petered out in a childish attack against the anti-Horthy League and finally ended in an impotent rage against the leaders of the League, calling them names. "This article presents the viewpoint of the substantial portion of Hungarian liberal and socialist life in America." And is written by "a Hungarian socialist editor now residing in his eleventh year of exile from Hungary in New York City. His record is one of continuous

* The comment of Mr. Norman Thomas is noteworthy regarding the murder of Katovis and the subsequent brutal attack by the police on the Communist protest parade at City Hall where Robert Minor and a score of others were clubbed into insensibility: "Undoubtedly Communist leaders are in a mood to provoke strife even to the point of martyrdom. Some of their tactics would raise a difficult problem even for a police department of saints . . ."

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agitation first in Hungary then in Europe and finally in New York against the forces of Hungarian reaction." Maybe it would be of some interest to the readers of the *New Leader* to know that this valiant fighter "against" the forces of Hungarian reaction has been a member of the AMOSZ, an Hungarian Fascist organization sponsored by the Horthy government in this country, and that this loyal fighter against reaction has just been invited by the Horthy government to carry his worthy fight to Budapest and there publish his paper. This is the man whose writing represents the point of view of the Hungarian socialists in America as the *New Leader* puts it. And we are inclined to believe this.

The Anti-Horthy League is indeed not a Communist organization. It is only too true that the Communist element among its membership, while the most reliable, is negligible in numbers. The overwhelming majority in the Anti-Horthy League is made up of sick and benevolent societies, cultural societies, athletic clubs, singing societies and even semi-religious organizations. They are non-political in character and the common bond which unites them all under the banner of the Anti-Horthy League is their hatred for the Horthy regime and their hatred for Fascism as an international menace.

The charge that communist intrigue created the situation existing between Michael Karolyi and the Rand School is as malicious as it is without foundation. I am not a member of the Communist Party. However, if my unqualified loyalty to the working class makes me a Communist, then the enemies of the working class admit that Communist leadership is the only leadership which is worthy of the confidence of the workers.

White Plains, N. Y.

HUGO GELLERT.



Drawn by William Gropper.

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